NUMB. LXVIII

The Prompter.

To be Continued TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Look here, *upon* THIS Picture, *and on* THIS.

SHAKESP. Hamlet.

FRIDAY, JULY 4. 1735.

IT was the Obſervation of an Eminent Writer, of the laſt *Century*, that No Miſtake, with Regard to the Good of Society, is attended by Conſequences more extenſively *Evil*, than, "that *Cunning* Men "ſhou'd paſs, for *Wiſe* ones."

METHINKS, It is as *common* an Error, and of a Tendency at leaſt as malignant, that no Diſtinction is generally *mark'd*, whereby to convince the unthinking Part of the World, what an infinite *Difference* there is, between the *Buſy Man*, and the *Man of Buſineſs*.

THE Affairs of ſo many unpenetrating Believers *miſcarry*, by the Confidence they place in Men of *Buſtle* and *Pretenſion*, that It will be doing a general Service, for Mankind, to *point out* the *big Emptineſs*, and *diſtinguiſh* it, from the *Real Sufficiency* It wou'd paſs for.

WERE I to deſcribe it, *in a Word*, I ſhou'd ſay, that the *Buſy Man has ſomething* TO *do:* and the *Man of Buſineſs* DOES *ſomething*. — That the *Buſy Man* is a *Smoak, without Fire:* The *Man of Buſineſs* a *Fire, without Smoak*. — That the Buſy Man thinks only of the *Repute:* The Man of Buſineſs holds his Eye upon the *Conſequence*. — In fine, I ſhou'd deſcribe the FIRST, as a WHIRLWIND, which, tho' the moſt *boiſt'rous*, of Tempeſts, ſerves but, by *Encreaſe* of a Ship's *Motion*, to *retard* the *Purſuit* of her *Voyage*; whereas the LAST is a TRADE-WIND, never *threat'ning*, yet *ſtrong*; — always *Eaſy*, yet, *Pointed*.

WERE the Buſy Man's *unprogreſſive Activity* but the *Exerciſe* of his *Pride*, or his *Ignorance*; were the circulatory Impetuoſities of ſuch a *Volatile Inſect* to produce no worſe Conſequence than *burning its own Wings*, one wou'd ſmile, and ſay nothing: But, the Miſchief of it *is*, when the poor Flutterer is *catch'd* by the *Snuff*, It *endangers* the Light, which, *before*, it but *confounded*; and bids fair to *extinguiſh the Candle*.—When an *Undertaker*, of this *hum-drum Vivacity*, acts his Part at the Head of *ſome Miniſtry*, The whole Body of a *State* is *be-dimm'd* by *his* Cloudineſs: For, All Difference, between *Government*, by EXPEDIENTS, and that *diſtant Perception*, in *Conduct*, that makes *Policy* AWEFUL, and TERRIBLE, is reducible only to THIS *narrow Original*.

WHEN a Spectator, of vulgar Capacity, obſerves a Man perplex'd and impatient, when He ſees him indefatigable, and engroſs'd by perpetual Appointments; ſurrounded at all Times, and interrupted in all Places; applied to by Variety of Perſons, and converſing on a Multiplicity of Purpoſes, He immediately conceives an Opinion, to the *Honour* of a Genius, ſo profuſely *addreſſed*, and *adapted*—It never enters his Imagination, that what he takes to be *Importance*, and *Univerſality* of *Experience*, is, at the Bottom, but an empty *Affectation*, and *Vanity*.

YET, there is Nothing more certain, than, that the Qualifications of theſe *Stirring Men* (for, by *That* Name, they are celebrated, in the *City*) are *then weakeſt, when moſt active*, like the Spirits of a Perſon in *Convulſions*. — They are *reſtleſs*, becauſe *confin'd:* and exert but their *Induſtry*, in Proportion to their *Uncertainty*. — Thus, when a Bird has, *accidentally*, drop'd thro' a Chimney, and taken Poſſeſſion of ſome *fine Apartment*, for a proper Employment whereof, the wild Occupier was, *by Nature*, unqualified, What *Rotation* of uſeleſs Vivacity! What a *Hurry* of blundering Excurſions! What unceaſing Perplexity of Purpoſe! What unwearied *Alacrity in Miſtaking!* — Compar'd with *Another* of its *Species*, ſerenely directing its Way, thro' its Element, This *Laſt* is a Bird of no Conſequence! — Yet, how infinitely PREFERABLE its *Condition*, and its *Conduct!* — Tho' there ſeems to be *no Haſte* in the *Motion* of the *One*, yet, its Purpoſe is *direct*, and It reaches it, inſenſibly.—Tho' there appears to be *no Reſt*, in the *Labours* of the *Other*, Yet, Its Meanings are *confus'd*, and It *miſcarries by their Diverſity*.

WHAT the *Eye* is to the *Feet*, in Direction of their Progreſs, *That*, REFLECTION is to the *Mind*, in the Choice of its Purpoſes. — He, who *reaſons*, and *reflects*, ſends out Thought, *upon Diſcovery*, and, after having ſearch'd into the *conſider'd* PAST, and compar'd it with the *probable* FUTURE, the Reſult of this Deliberation is what determines his PRESENT *Concluſion:* So, He *ſees* all his *Road*, as it lies open before him; and *unwinds* all its Intricacies, with *Calmneſs*, and *Pleaſure*.—While the Man, whoſe *Soul* is *ſhort-ſighted*, having no *Point of View* to advance toward, cannot poſſibly appear *eaſy*, in his *Look-outs:* but, muſt, of Neceſſity, confound himſelf in a dusky Diſcovery of *which Way is the Beſt*, while He ought to be *travelling on*, in a Path, *long ſince, choſen*.

THE *Muſick of the Spheres*, an Expreſſion often us'd by the Old Writers, meant no more than the *Harmony* of their *Motion:* And, it is ORDER, or *Diviſion of Parts*, that does every Thing, in *Buſineſs*.

ORDER,

ORDER, *thou* Eye *of Action!* — *Wanting* Thee,
Wiſdom works, Hood-wink'd, *in Perplexity:*
Entangled Reaſon trips *at every* Pace;
And TRUTH, beclouded, *puts on* ERROR's Face!
—*How is the World* deceiv'd, *by Noiſe, and Show!*
Alas! How diff'rent, to pretend,—*and* know!
Like a poor High-way Brook, Pretence *runs*, loud,
Buſtling, but ſhallow:—dirty, weak,—*and* proud:
While, like Imperial THAMES, *true* Knowledge *glides*,
Silently ſtrong,—*and its* deep Bottom HIDES.

I borrowed theſe Verſes, while I waited for my Dinner, from the *Window* of an *Inn*, in the North Parts of *Scotland*; where they had been written with the Point of a Diamond, by an Inhabitant of one of the Mountains, that gave Birth and Original to the *Founders* of our Family.—See the Effect of *Independence* and *Leiſure!* ——— Had This *unruffled Highlander* been brought up in a *Court*, He wou'd, inſtead of praiſing *Serenity*, have proſtituted his *Muſe* to ſing the Charms of *Confuſion*; and taken Pains to prove, *No Difference*, between DEPTH, and OBSCURITY.

I will endeavour to ſtrike out two *Pictures*, by one of which the *Buſy Man* may be *known*; and, by the Other, the *Man of Buſineſs*.

THE *Buſy Man*, never *ſpeaks*, but with a View to convince you, *He is eloquent*. There is therefore a Kind of *Liſtening*, in the Abſent Direction of his *Eye*, as if it *hung inward*, to partake with his *Ear*, in the conſcious Melodiouſneſs of his *Cadence*. — Since He talks, but to *amuſe*, It is no Part of his Purpoſe to be *clear:* It is always enough, if He *interrupts*, and *over-bears* you.—With theſe Qualifications He is loudeſt, in *Publick Aſſemblies:* and a GREAT *Man* is his Name, at all *General Courts* in the *City*.—He has an *Ear*, ever watchful for the Conceptions of others: becauſe, a *Mind*, always *barren*, as to *Growths of its own*.—It is not his Ambition, to *know*, but be *thought knowing*.—He will appoint you to meet him, in ſome Place where He cannot be *known*; and at the ſame Time, take Care, to be *found*, and *broke in upon*, that He may give his *Vanity* the *Enjoyment* of a Complaint, that *He can never be private!* — He imagines, that to be *notic'd*, is the ſame Thing as to be *conſiderable*: therefore *thruſts himſelf* into Every Buſineſs, without Regard to the *Figure* He may happen to make, when *got foremoſt*. — His *Senſation* is, unnaturally, WITHOUT, and his *Soul* being never *at Home*, It wou'd be uſeleſs to *look into* HIMSELF: So, He lives, without *Taſte*, or *Digeſtion*: and, after a Length of Years ſpent in *Noiſe*, *Smoak*, and *Hurry*, is ſurpriz'd, when he finds himſelf *at Leiſure to die:* and goes off, miſs'd by Nobody; but, like SOLOMON's *Path of an Arrow*, has made his Way through a World, that is *clos'd up behind him*, and retains not the *Mark* of his *Paſſing*.

THE *Man of Buſineſs* divides the *Means* from the *End*, and advances, *gradatim*, thro' the *Turns* of his Purpoſe. If he *ſpeaks*, it is to *enquire*, or to *anſwer:* if he *reſolves*, it is to *purſue*, and to *execute*. —He *ſorts* his Deſigns, like a CHYMICAL *Phyſician*, *avoiding all Mixtures*, which *deſtroy* ONE ANOTHER. —— He gets Ground, *in a Line*; and wins Time, *by not deviating*. — The *Reputation* of his *Speed* is the leaſt of his Care: He conſiders not what *Others ſuppoſe him to be*; but examines *What He* IS, with the utmoſt Exactneſs. — He *meaſures* the Length of his Journey, and *compares* it with his *Pace*; then, goes on, without *Haſte*, or *Impatience:* never envying thoſe *ungraceful* GALLOPERS, who are continually ſpurring *before* him, *blind*, and *choak'd*, with the *Duſt*, which they *kick up*, in their *Speed*, to deprive them of the PROSPECTS, that might make their Journey *delightful*. — He undertakes not a Purpoſe becauſe it is *good*, but becauſe it is, at once, *good*, and *ſeaſonable*.—He *ſifts* his *Ideas*, and conceives Nothing *in the Groſs*; content to be rather *ſucceſsfully ſlow*, than *miſtakenly active*. — So, He *lives*, without *Hurry*, and *dies*, without *Pain:* for, His *Foreſight*, extending to every probable Event, DEATH ITSELF *may diſturb*, but *can never* DISAPPOINT him.

To the Author of the Prompter.

SIR, *July* the 2d, 1735.

"AS you were pleas'd to give the Publick a Copy
" of the *Prologue* that was ſpoke at *Villars-*
" *Street*, during the Repreſentation of the *Tragedy*
" *of* ZARA, I wiſh you wou'd do the ſame by the
" *Epilogue*, a Copy whereof I herewith ſend you.
" THIS Favour may, perhaps, be ask'd, upon
" more reaſonable Grounds than the former: For,
" the *Prologue*, in the Mouth of ſo articulate and
" applauded a *Speaker*, as the Young Gentleman, to
" whoſe Performance you have been ſo *juſt* in one
" of your Papers, was ſure of *Loſing Nothing* to the
" *Ear* of the Audience. Whereas the *Voice* of the
" *Little Fairy*, to whoſe Lot the *Epilogue* fell, (tho'
" her *Action*, and *Delivery* were, to the higheſt De-
" gree, *pretty*, and *engaging*) was not *ſtrong* enough
" to prevent the Loſs of a Word or two, in ſome
" of her *Cadences*. I am,

Sir, &c.

" EPILOGUE to ZARA, by Miſs —— in
" Boys Cloaths.

" LADIES, *'twill give but* very little Pain *t'ye*,
" *When ſuch a* tiny *Thing as I* complain *t'ye*.
" *Were I grown* Big, *and* Bold *enough to* charm *ye*,
" I'd DO'T,—*but, for the* World, *I wouldn't* harm *ye!*

" ALAS! — *we've* loſt *our* STAGE; — *Whereon*
" *to ſtrut*,
" *Was the* unlicenc'd Claim of LILLIPUT.
" *Yet*, here, *where never* Patent Monarch *reign'd!*
" *We ſee our Ground by* ſtrange Uſurpers *gain'd!*
" *On* our own Soil *condemn'd* to OVER-LAYING,
" *By theſe* Dramatick Rats, *in* MOUSE-HOLE playing.
" *Ah! do us Right.—Since* Like, *with* Like, *engages*,
" *Give* little Actors *Way, on* little Stages.

" ONE *poor Pretence they urge — but ſtrain'd their*
" *Wit for't!*
" That WE're too *Young* for BUSINESS — and *unfit*
" *for't*.
" Lord! how ſome Folks WILL LIE!—*from Truth*
" *He flinches*,
" *Who meaſures* Our Ability, *by* Inches.
" *You know, 'tis* Young, *and* lively—OLD, *and* crazy:—
" *Then*, Short, *and* SWEET's *the Word* — *but* — Long,
" *and* LAZY.
" *All Things, that* pleaſe, *are* SHORT.—No—Short
" CARESSINGS
" *I fear, you'd, All*, give up; *and chuſe* — LONG
" Bleſſings.
" *Well!* — Such *be* yours, *if, after* THEY've done
" Playing,
" *You come, and make* OUR TROOP Amends, *for*
" Staying."

I am glad, for the Sake of this *Lilliputian Complainer*, that Her *Mouſe-hole* is reſtor'd, to the *Uſe* and *Behoof* of Her *Company:* For, I perceive, by the Publick Papers, that ZARA has more *Room, to breathe in*, being *beſpoke*, at the *Theatre* in the *Hay-market*, by ſome Perſons, who add TASTE, to their QUALITY.

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